ELEUTHERIA:

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POEM.

INSCRIBED TO

Mrs. MACAULAY.

LIBERIS, *Pretium Servitutis ingratum est.*

Q. CURTIUS.

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FOR
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AND
T. CADEL in the STRAND.

M DCC LXVIII.

For a Poet to write Verſes on LIBERTY *in Rhyme, would be as abſurd, as for a Painter to draw her in Fetters.*

ELEUTHERIA:

A DREAM.

I SNATCH the Pen, impatient to record
The charming viſion of my laſt night's ſleep.

HERMES was ordered, by almighty JOVE,
To bring bright ELEUTHERIA to his preſence.

THE Goddeſs came, obedient to the ſummons,
And as ſhe paſs'd along the ſtarry way,
Moſt fragrant flowers, of every beauteous tinge,
Sprang up, ſpontaneous, whereſoe'er ſhe trod.

THE bright inhabitants admir'd her light
That blaz'd, and darted far it's glorious beams,
More luſtrous than Apollo's noon-tide ray,
And found, that ſhe made heaven itſelf more bleſt.

WITH pleaſure Jove receiv'd his lovely daughter,
And, pointing to his fav'rite weſtern iſle,
Said, ELEUTHERIA, you have oft been there,
And made that nation happy with your preſence.
But, late, I've ſeen, with infinite concern,
Men, whom you choſe to guard the precious rights
Of that brave people, cowardly deſert
The ſtations you aſſign'd them; and, entic'd
By curſt ambition and vile avarice,
Give up our cauſe for coronets and gold,
Exchanging, for vile earth, the joys of heaven.

AND, now, behold the conſequences dire
Of that defection! All their foes could wiſh,
In bitterneſs of rage, flows in upon them.
Corruption, Luxury, Venality,
Diviſion, Vanity, and fell Oppreſſion,
O'erwhelm the land. See where pale Famine ſtalks,
And in her train the ſweeping Peſtilence,
With Death, grinning a ſmile at this rich feaſt.
Go ELEUTHERIA, go with all my power,
To ſave that iſland from theſe dreadful evils,
And, HERMES, do thou ſummon up the ſhades
Of patriotic heroes, to attend
My daughter's paſſage to our lov'd BRITANNIA.

FROM

FROM Jove's receptacle a blazing car,
More bright than Phœbus's, was ſoon brought out.
Two Storks, bred up and nouriſh'd by the Goddeſs,
Were harneſs'd in, and ſhook their wings with joy.
HERMES return'd with his heroic troop,
Exulting in the honor Jove deſign'd them.
In warmeſt zeal they croud around the chariot,
More thick than ſwarms of bees around their queen,
Ten thouſand times ten thouſand. There I ſaw
Many Athenian chiefs, and generous Spartans;
But two ſhone out conſpicuous, wearing crowns,
The brave Leonidas, and ſtern Lycurgus,
Moſt glorious characters, THE PATRIOT KINGS.
Timoleon too was there, on her right hand.
Old Rome afforded many a noble ſpirit,
That came with pleaſure to attend the Goddeſs.
But the moſt lovely of this generous band
Were the great Bruti and Poplicola.
Amongſt more modern heroes there appear'd
The Prince of Orange, and Helvetian Tull.
But what a croud of PATRIOTS did I ſee
From dear BRITANNIA's iſle! The ſetting ſun,
In Leo's torrid ſign, never brought forth
Such myriads of aërial floating beings,
As came from ALBION, on this great occaſion.

Milton, Pym, Hampden, Ludlow, Harrington,
Sydney, Locke, Ruſſel, Cavendiſh, and Moleſworth,
With many thouſand others, whoſe bright names
Shine out moſt glorious in the BRITISH annals.

THE Goddeſs, thus attended, took her leave
Of Jove's high court, and flying from Olympus,
Alighted on the well-known cliffs of Dover.
Thence, weſtward, ſhe directs her ſteady courſe,
Gladning the land, to fair Auguſta's towers.
Here ſhe aſſumes her earthly name of LIBERTY;
And rides in glorious triumph through the city.
Tyrants were led before her, with their hands
Ty'd faſt behind; and their oppreſſive miniſters,
Adorn'd with gilded coronets and mitres,
Follow'd, as ſacrifices to Aſtræa.
Famine, and Plague, and War, and dire Confuſion,
Which threat'ned total ruin to the ſtate,
Fled from before her, and forſook the land.
Plenty, and Health, and Peace, and decent order,
Came dancing all around her, hand in hand.

SHE to St. Stephen's chapel wing'd her way,
Where ſhe had often been, and, from the chair,
Harangu'd, in trumpet-ſounds, the liſt'ning iſland.

The

The Caledonian rocks, and ALBION's cliffs,
From northern Orcades to ſouthern Vectis,
Re-eccho, many a time, her charming voice.

BRITONS attend! I come by JOVE's command,
Once more to warn you of impending dangers,
Which threaten this fair Iſland, always dear
To our almighty Father, and to me.
Your trade is almoſt gone, your credit ſunk,
Your allies, even your colonies, forſake you.
Your debts immenſe oppreſs the laboring poor,
Who pay them all at laſt, and therefore want
The comforts and the joys, which heretofore
Their hard and humble ſtation us'd to cheer.
Now, like French peaſants, through this land they range,
Picking the vileſt refuſe, to ſupport
Their wretched beings. Some, indeed, more bold,
Diſdaining this vile ſuſtenance, encroach
On what their honeſt neighbours dear have earn'd.
What Frauds! what Theſts! what Robberies, and Murders,
Unknown in ancient times, diſgrace you now!
But theſe are evils of inferior nature
To what proceed from the high ranks of life;
Treaſon againſt the ſtate, the public weal,
Is every day committed by the great.

Your

Your country's wealth and privileges ſold
By thoſe whom you entruſted to preſerve them:
Traffic more ſtrange than what the fooliſh Indians
Drove with the cunning European merchants,
Changing their ſolid treaſure, for the baubles
Of painted ribbands and gay tinſel bonnets.
BRITONS! for traſh like this, you're ſold, you're ſold,
Your wives and children, to perpetual bondage,
And every dreadful evil that attends it.
Rouſe! rouſe my favorites! and prevent the yoke
From being fixt upon your necks for ever.
This is the time, and LIBERTY adviſes.
Let Luxury be held in deteſtation,
As the corrupter of all human virtue.
Let Public Good be ſtudy'd more than private.
Give thoſe alone your votes who are moſt worthy.
Let ſuch be branded with eternal infamy
Who would corrupt you, with a tempting bribe,
To ſell your birthright for a meſs of pottage;
To give away your country, for a feaſt.
No longer throw away your puplic treaſure,
For doing JOBBS which even the doers bluſh at.
Let all your ſtanding armies be diſbanded;
And truſt yourſelves, as you were wont of old,
When the proud Gallic forces felt your power

At Creſſi, Poitiers, and fam'd Azincourt:
Unlike the days of Rochfort and St. Cas.
Let juſtice, equal and impartial juſtice,
Be done to meaneſt peaſants as to dukes,
And this, without expence of time or money.
Let all the vain parade and pageantry
Of gilded chariots, and the pride of dreſs,
With every idle foppery, be left
To Gallic ſlaves, who know no other worth.
Be yours, to conquer theſe aſpiring rivals;
To make your double croſs command the ocean,
And bring home all the treaſures of the globe.
Thus may you pay your vaſt enormous debts,
And be the glory of the human race.
Thus would you ſcatter bleſſings all around,
And cries of poor be no more heard amongſt you.

BEHOLD theſe worthies, who attend me here,
Were wont to talk this language, in theſe walls,
Inſpir'd by me. And highly they advanc'd
Their countries' glory, happineſs, and peace.
Bleſt ſhades! The foremoſt in the ranks of fame.
Go, all ye BRITONS, follow their example.
Obſerve theſe few directions, and be FREE.

THE Goddeſs then deſcended from the chair,
Amidſt the loud applauſe of many millions:
And order'd Hermes to conduct the ſhades
Back to their bleſt abodes, in fair Elyſium.

RESOLVING, for a while, to fix her ſeat
Amongſt us mortals, whom ſhe would inſtruct
In the high arts of a free government,
From houſe to houſe ſhe walk'd to chuſe a place
And FORM to dwell in. Many friends ſhe ſaw,
And left her lovely picture in Pall-Mall.
Not far from thence, near the fam'd Park, ſhe found
A breaſt replete with virtues all divine.
Joyful, ſhe enter'd into this bright FORM,
And ſaid, her ORACLES ſhe now would give
From the well-guided pen of fair MACAULAY.

Feb. 20.
1768.

FINIS.